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SUNDAY, JUNE 8, 1919.

Youth, the Giant Killer

David Slew the Philistine Despite His Simple Weapon
and Lack of Armor.

Here is an interesting letter from a father of seven children:

May 31, 1919.

To the Editor of The Times:

Dear Sir—Wishing you will excuse my liberty in addressing you, and hoping you will give this letter proper consideration, I thank you in advance.

Before coming to the point, it is necessary to prefix some preliminaries. I landed in this country about fourteen years ago with an elementary education in Italian, but no knowledge at all of English. A little after a year I sent for my wife and three children, whom I had left with my parents; four more children have been born in this country. Of these seven children, the first two boys (twins) will graduate from high school (academic course); the third boy has finished one year of his commercial course; the fourth boy is in the grammar school, 6 B; two little girls in 4B and 3B, and the youngest boy in 1B. I am working, and, while making good, I had to struggle very hard to bring the family to this point.

Now the reason why I am addressing you is because I owe so much to your paper, especially your editorials, which encouraged me so much that today I dare to ask you: What can I do with my boys? I do not want any philanthropic aid. I simply wish that you will consider the question and answer me in one of your Sunday editorials. It will benefit me and perhaps many more parents who desire that their children go on to higher studies, but cannot afford it.

Again I thank you and I remain your faithful reader,

A. AFRICANO,

518 Dood Street, West Hoboken, N. J.

The letter that you read here is sent by the sort of citizen this country needs. It is also the kind of citizen that foolish legislation would shut out from this country on the theory that a land not one-quarter populated has too many people in it.

This man comes to the United States, brings up his children, sends them to the high school, works hard year after year in order to add good citizens to the population of the United States. His only thought now is HOW HE CAN DO MORE FOR THEM, how he can give them a better equipment to serve the country as good citizens.

What greater service could a man render to the nation than this?

We select the story of David and Goliath, the story of the Jewish youth that slew the Philistine giant, and make of that story the text for an answer to the question our reader asks.

Saul, the ruler, sent young David out to fight, as many rich fathers send their sons, UNWISELY equipped. In the first book of Samuel, XVII Chapter, you read:

"And Saul armed David with his armour, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail."

"And David girded his sword upon his armour, and he assayed to go; for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them. And David put them off him."

Observe the wisdom of the young man. He did not want to undertake his fight against the giant with weapons that he couldn't use well. Read the thirty-ninth verse of that seventeenth chapter.

The armor that Saul offered to young David and that the young man wisely refused, knowing that he couldn't use it to advantage, suggests the so-called "college education," which is very often an education in foolishness that so many rich men give to their sons, thinking that they have equipped them for life's struggle, when really they have loaded them down with disadvantages.

Young David, the champion fighter of the Bible, knew what he wanted. The story goes:

"And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand; and he drew near to the Philistine."

David did not start out to meet the giant with a great military equipment of armor, helmet, and sword. He took the five smooth stones from the brook and a sling, such as the poorest boy might have as he had them, and then with ONE of the stones he attended to the business in hand.

Verse 49 tells what happened:

"And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slung it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth."

So much for the story of young David, who won an immortal reputation and the first place among old and young fighters in the simplest possible way.

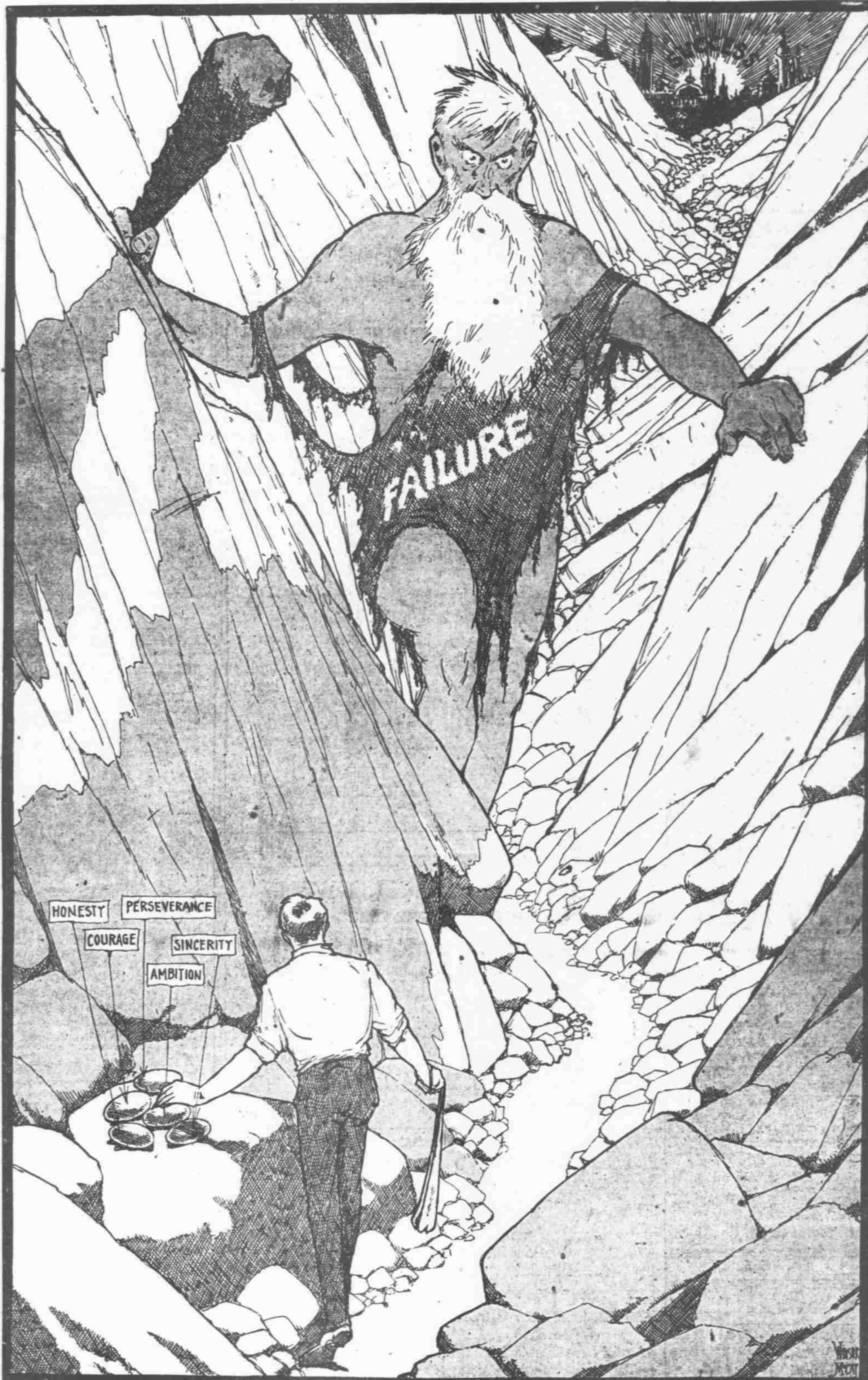
The picture that the artist, Mr. McCay, puts before you here shows that the thing can be done in the same manner by the youth of today starting out to meet the giant Failure.

Mr. McCay has labeled his five smooth stones in this picture, "Honesty, Courage, Perseverance, Sincerity, Ambition."

All of these a young man may have without going to college; without having specially learned people to tutor him; without having a rich father to allow him several years of idleness, accumulating information that may or may not be of use later.

It was one pebble that killed Goliath. But it took more than one quality to send young David out against him. He had ambition; that sets everything going. The friend who writes will do more for his sons if he plants ambition in their minds than he would do if he sent them first to a fashionable boys' school, then to an American university, then to Oxford or Cambridge.

Trying to Block the Road



This Picture and Editorial Are Prepared to Answer
a Father's Question, "What Shall I Do With My Boys?"
What Young David Did to the Giant Goliath, Each
Youth Must Do to the Giant FAILURE, the Giant That
Faces Us All and Threatens Us All as We Start Out
in Life.

When David Went up to Meet Goliath, He Took
in His Bag Only Five Small Stones, Not a Whole

Quarry. He Picked Out Those Stones Carefully,
Smooth and Round. Then, with ONE Stone He Made
a Hole in the Giant's Forehead, Stretched Him Out,
and Cut Off His Head.

What David Did to Goliath Young Men Can Do
to the Giant Failure, if They Select Carefully the
Weapons, That Is, THE MENTAL QUALITIES, with
Which to Work.

Ambition is to a young man what the engine is to an automobile. Without the engine the automobile amounts to little, no matter how nicely you paint it or how soft you make the cushions.

The artist has suggested here, undoubtedly, the qualities most important to success. These combined in the right sort of mind produce a sixth quality, SELF-CONFIDENCE, the deep-rooted belief that you CANNOT fail.

Many a young man whose parents think they have done everything for him have really loaded him down with care, money, praise, winding up with a college education. Then they send him out into the world, and if the supply of money does not last, he ends as worker for somebody that started out with nothing.

This is not to say that education wisely directed, not overdone, combined with sufficient ambition and stimulation, is not a good thing.

But just as it is easier to succeed in spite of poverty than to succeed in spite of wealth, so it is easier to succeed in spite of a limited education than it is in spite of a complex education, with flattery, self-indulgence and many years of easy life going with the complex education.

The man whose letter we print asks advice as to what

to do with his sons. First, teach them to work hard and to like work. Teach them that idleness is disgrace, and to be ashamed of any kind of work is a worse disgrace.

Keep carefully out of their minds the notion that what was good enough for their father is not good enough for them.

Make them realize that so far they have been parasites, living on others, living on their father's hard work.

Make them know if you can that it is their duty to begin the hard work now and to add to what men have done and to what they know.

Tell them that the world does NOT owe every man a living, just as the lake does not OWE every man a fish. The lake is there and the fish are there. GO AND CATCH THEM.

Every child of the man whose letter we print will have before he leaves high school more education than Thomas A. Edison had when he began to make himself useful to the world; more than Henry Ford had when he started out to build his fortune of millions and his big payrolls; more than Columbus had when he came to America; infinitely more than young David had when his courage made him say: "I can kill the giant and I will," and also made him king.

HEARD AND SEEN

By EARL GODWIN.

Public schools are getting into the newspapers. When things are running at normal, no one hears about them. When there is irritation, unrest, inefficiency, the schools begin to squeak and mutter, like machinery when it needs oiling or other attention.

Something is wrong in our public school system. Perhaps it is out of tune with the rest of the world; perhaps there is too much administration; perhaps there is too little. Perhaps the teachers are imbued with the same spirit of unrest you find in other classes now that the war is over and new ideas have gripped the world.

At any rate, something is radically wrong when a set of employees or officials can fail to keep tabs on the money balance so that two thousand teachers are short-changed on pay day.

All private employers make the supreme effort of their lives to meet the pay roll, knowing full well that they will never keep their employees a minute if there is a suspicion that the pay roll is likely to be found inadequate at the very last moment.

The intricacies of school pay rolls are well known, but they are not more intricate than the pay rolls of great establishments, where piece work and bonuses figure hourly; and yet the employees get their pay on the minute at stated intervals, and a mistake is never made.

This present difficulty, where the school pay roll is short thousands of dollars, is all the more irritating to school teachers this irritating hot weather, because the people in charge of the pay roll got their checks without a cent deducted.

Another school matter, which is causing unrest and ferment is the deliberation with which the Board of Education handles the charges against Mr. Bruce. Neither Mr. Bruce nor his accusers know where they stand, nor how the matter will be received. It seems to me that there was enough wisdom on the

Board of Education to receive those charges and get at the matter in hand, and put an end to it.

The Board of Education has on it some of the biggest and wisest men in this community. They certainly KNOW what those Bruce charges are, and whether they constitute a basis for an investigation. There are men and women on that board who would strengthen the membership of any organization or administrative body, and to think they should have to ask for HELP makes me smile a little. They don't need help—they need a self-starter.

Public schools belong to the public, and should be administered for the best interests of the public. It is not always for the best interest of the public to disclose to public view everything that goes on, but a moderately fair amount of publicity should attend public school matters in order to keep down slothfulness in office reaction in administration and slack methods of education.

Intelligent Juries.

A great change has come over the jury system here. Now we have intelligent men in the box—men who can pass judgment on any question in ordinary affairs and many extraordinary questions.

You can find the best men in Washington in the jury box. Bankers, newspaper publishers, merchants, and other business men are settling cases in place of the ordinary rank and file of low-browed professional jurors who adorned the box at \$3 a day for a long time in our history.

Safety Devices at the Bathing Beach.

This city must have been thoroughly shocked when it read the recommendation of a coroner's jury that a pulmotor and a telephone be installed at the bathing beach in Potomac Park. That a man should have died there because there was no such safety device is almost unbelievable. I don't know where to place the blame, but surely there must be some one responsible, and that person should be asked to resign.

HERE AND THERE

Stealing flowers from graves is the latest work in thievery. Numerous thefts of this character occurred at a large cemetery in Washington on Decoration Day. This thief's degradation is decidedly deeper than the one who was guilty of stealing pennies from a dead man's eyes.

D. R. B.

Food Cost Thought.

The Commissioners have a chance to make a liberal ruling concerning the cheap lunches served in boxes and help save thousands of dollars to Government employees who appreciate the opportunity of getting food at a cost within the means of the Government employee.

Why not start the half-holidays early in June and run continuous excursions to Baltimore? Or why not have all the year's holidays in June so we can get a chance to entertain John B. Corn?

New York dairymen entertained a prize bull at dinner. Since they have raised the price of milk I suggest that a Shropshire would have felt more at home.

Would it not be well for you to get out a street-car route guide for the oldest inhabitants. I have been here thirty-five years and got lost this morning trying to get from Georgetown to the Capitol on the WRECO. Also, now that we pay for that transfer, why should we not get a transfer on an inter-company transfer. I am especially interested in getting for the Wisconsin avenue line to Potomac Park. It costs two fares and the transfer charge. Of course I could come all the way on WRECO, but it is very tedious waiting for a car at the Metropolitan Club.

PHILIP WALKER.

Is out of sight out of mind? It must be since everyone has forgotten the really funniest thing in Washington—the world-famous statue of the Father of His Country in his "nightie." (Now in the Smithsonian Institution.)

Our handsome starter at the pit at North Capitol and W Sts. paused in his labors long enough Sunday afternoon to have his picture taken with a very charming young lady.

Wanted: Some one who has been able to ride on an inter-company transfer after procuring one in the first instance. My experience has been that they are never good at the place you transfer, but always at some other point about half a mile distant.

H. M. H.

What's Funnier than the Bronze Whiskers on the Dupont Statue?

Why are you worrying so about the whiskers on the Dupont statue? If Dupont had whiskers, they had to be on his statue. Did you expect him to be represented as a woman or a clean-shaven chap? If Dupont wore spinach, oughtn't his statue to have the same? What would you do to improve it?

S. M. G.

S. M. G. is evidently convinced of the fact that to immortalize a man you must make him in bronze just as he looked when he had gathered a comical crop of whiskers, and had eaten himself into a state where he had to go to a circus tent factory for his clothing.

Sometimes human beings are fine to look upon, with lithe bodies and fair faces unhampered by whiskers. Would it not be fair to posterity to have OUR bronze memorials depict us at the age of twenty-one, instead of waiting until we resemble a human dreadnaught?

Or, better still, let us forego ALL memorial except those more lasting than bronze—I refer to memorials that live in words and deeds.

Kindly retract the statement appearing in your inimitable column Wednesday over the name of CLAYTON DENVER to the effect that the staff of the Washington Post is quartered at 916 Twelfth street northwest. No such bad luck.

Only four members of the staff live in that newshounds' den. The other members of the staff live in "Swamp Poodle."

"RUZZY" LAMB.

One of the UNFORTUNATES.

LOUIS C. WITKOWSKI sends me one dollar to start a wedding present fund for SERGEANT YORK, the greatest personal hero of the entire war—the man who killed a whole army by himself, and captured another.

I have sent the dollar to Congressman Hull of Tennessee, in whose district Sergeant York was born and raised.

Here's what Mr. Witkowski says: "What's the matter with handing a real contribution to Sergeant York, the man who killed a whole train load of Germans. Now he's going to get married. You know what that means. He's been feted and paraded and given everything but the real coin of the realm. I will start something bigger than a lot of hoorahs. As evidence, here is a dollar. Any man in the United States ought to be willing to kick in for this cause. Did you kill a German? I didn't. Sergeant York got some of my quota. Did he get any of yours? If he did, it's up to you to pay up. This man is a good American and a Christian gentleman, modest and unassuming, despite the fact that he created a name for himself that will go down in history as the greatest personal hero of the whole war. How about a tribute to a real hero?"

It takes a hero to get married.

Younger Washington artists should be interested in the one hundred dollar prize offered for the best cover design submitted for the program for the Fourth of July International Carnival.

Judges are to be GILBERT GROSVENOR, CLIFFORD K. BERRYMAN and THOMAS R. SHIPP, probably the best committee available.

For further details ask E. S. HEGE, whose address for this purpose will be the office of Commissioner Brownlow. The contest closes on the evening of JUNE 12.